# THE BLOODY LOVER:

OR,

# Barbarous Nevvs FROM GLOCESTER.

## A full and true Relation how an Inhumane Villain Named *William Hall*, did on the 14th of *October* last, moſt cruelly Murther a Maid, whoſe Name was *Sarah Butt*, that was his Sweet-heart, as ſhe was Milking, cleaving her skull in three places with a Hedging-bill, cutting off one of her hands, and giving her ſeveral other mortal Wounds.

As alſo how he endeavoured to have killed a little Child that was with her, and formerly attempted to Murther both her and her Mother, wounding the latter in ſeveral places.

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*If monſtrous Love ſuch bloody ſcenes create,*
*What Tragedies may we expect from Hate?*

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# THE
# Bloody Lover, &c.

IT is a ſad, yet wholeſom Speculation to conſider into what a woful condition the diſobedience of our Firſt Parents has plunged their unhappy Poſterity; Mans whole eſtate (by Nature) being too truly um'd up by the ſacred Hiſtorian in this miſerable total Evil, wholly Evil, and that Continually; our underſtandings muffled up in thick gloomy Clouds of ignorance or Error, our Judgements bleareyd and depraved, our wills headſtrong and falſe-biaſed infinitely more ready to follow the deſtructive Allurements of vice, than the ſober Dictates of Vertue, all our Sences but ſo many Traiterous inlets of Sin, and our imaginations Seed-plots of vanity and wickedneſs, Reaſon deſigned by Heaven, as King to moderate the Extravagancies of the inferiour faculties, is ut-

terly dethroned by rebellious Paſſions, and unruly Affections, ſo that Exorbitant deſires hurry us to the ruine of our ſelves and others, and we are led Captives at the Devils pleaſure, by the Tyranny of every domineering Luſt; hence the world becomes embrewed with blood, and each day alarms us with Deplorable Relations of ſome miſchievous and Tragical Events.

Love is certainly the nobleſt of our Paſſions, the Bond of the Univerſe, the Buſineſs of Heaven, and the Glory of Earth, yet this too ſuffers in the general Depravity, whilſt each Kitchinſtuff-flame, and bruitiſh Irregular heat uſurps its Livery, and ſhrouds its own deformity under the covert of that Illuſtrious Name, as unhappily it happened in our preſent caſe, which (without amuſing the greedy Reader with further Preamble) was briefly and plainly thus.

There was an ordinary Servant to Husbandry came ſome years ſince to live with a ſufficient Yeoman at a place called *Biſhops-Norton* in *Glocesterſhire*, and not far from *Glocester* City: He was a fellow of very poor obſcure birth, and worſe conditions; a ſullen ſurly temper, Cholerick, and revengeful, very ſparing of his ſpeech, but of a humour cloſe and covetous; his Maſter had then a Daughter named *Sarah*, a young Maid, very handſom, and ſweet-conditioned, of about eighteen years of Age, and on whom he intended to beſtow a conſiderable Portion, which invited ſeveral young men of equal rank thereabouts to Court her: amongſt the reſt, this poor Servant of her Fathers muſt needs be hers, and pretends a great Love for her, whether it were her good Conditions, (which we ſcarce believe, ſince few men now adays regard them) or her beauty (which is moſt probable)

ble) the hopes of her money (which all adore) that was the Ground of his good will we know not, but in ſhort time being in the ſame Houſe with her, he eaſily found an opportunity to declare his mind to her, who having an equal averſion to his perſon and quality, at firſt anſwered him with a flat denyal, and afterwards endeavoured to Check his inſolence by a deſerved contempt and diſdain, but finding that ſhe ſhould ſtill be perſecuted with his fooliſh importunities, though ſhe had often given him warning to deſiſt his vain Addreſſes; concluded ſhe had no way to be rid of them, but by acquainting her Parents; who very Gravely checkt him for his boldneſs, and told him that not only their care for their daughters future welfare, but her own inclinations did forbid him to entertain any thoughts of ever being her Husband. To this he anſwers little at preſent, but falls into a ſullen melancholly, (the fitteſt Ground in Nature for the Devil to ſow his Tares in) and taking counſel of Hell, reſolves ſince ſhe would not accept of his Love ſhe ſhould feel the effects of his Hate, whereupon taking his advantage he ruſhes into the houſe one day ſoon after with a Pitch-fork in his hand, with an intent (as is believ'd) to murther both her and her Mother, but the Maid being then happily on ſome occaſion in another Room, he falls firſt on the Good woman wounding her in the Arm, who crying out and other Servants comming in, immediately they at that time prevented his bloody purpoſe. This cauſed much diſturbance, but the fellow pretending himſelf very ſorry for what he had done, and laying all the blame on his paſſionate affection, which he ſaid had tranſported him almoſt to phrenzy, they willing to be quit of him, took no further courſe to puniſh him but only diſmiſt him their ſervice, who promiſed very ſolemnly never more to trouble them or

their

their daughter; and accordingly being gone, to color his black designs; soon after he courted another person, and married her: in whose embraces no body could doubt but he would have buried all thoughts of his former Mistress, who some time afterwards being willing to see somewhat more of the world than she could learn by being always at home with her parents, voluntarily put her self to service.

But our monstrous Love-rage is not yet over, the Devil and he have made a bargain together, that nothing shall satisfie his revenge but her Blood: For the effecting of which premeditated villany, as this poor harmless Maid on the twenty sixth of *October* last, was a Milking some fields off from her Masters house, unaccompanied by any but a Child of her Masters about nine years old, and her own Innocent thoughts, this inhumane bruit (waiting his opportunity) meets her, and violently taking her by the arm, with a look gastly as Death, and voice terrible, as that of Thunder, thus accosts her: *Now you proud Husswife, I will be even with you for all your scorns, your disdains shall cost you your Life, and your Blood answer my revenge.* Saying thus (or words to that effect) with a Hedging-bill he had in his hand he strikes at her Head, but the first stroak missing, gave her opportunity to fall on her knees, begging of him for Christs sake to spare her life, but he more barbarous than the wild Savages continues deaf to her Cries, and repeating his blow, at the next stroak cuts her into the skull, when seeing the little child standing at some distance, amazed at his Cruelty, he resolves to dispatch him too, but the dying Maid crying out: *Run Child for thy Life, for he has Murthered me*, The Child betook himself to his Heels so nimbly that the Murtherer that pursued him a good way could not overtake him, but turning back that he might be sure to compleat his Hellish Work, falls

falls afreſh a hacking the poor Maid, cutting her twice more into the skull, and giving her ſeveral other mortal wounds, and ſo betook himſelf to flight, leaving his bloody weapon upon the place.

The Child being got home, firſt with his Gaſtly looks, and afterwards with his Tongue, ſoon as his loſt breath and fright would give him leave, declares the bloody news, which alarming the family, they inſtantly repair to the place, where they find (a ſight that would melt the moſt flinty heart into tears) the poor mangled Creature weltring in her Virgin Blood, and filling the Air with dying Groans, when they arrived ſhe was ready to expire, and onely continued ſo long a live, as with her fainting voice to declare the name of her barbarous Murtherer.

Strict ſearch was forthwith made, and Hue and Cry ſent forth to all parts for apprehending the Author of this horrid fact. But as if the black Prince of Darkneſs that hurried him on to ſo Wicked a Deed had aſſiſted him too in his eſcape, he cannot as yet be heard of: But we doubt not but the moſt Juſt and Blood-revenging providence of Heaven (that never ſuffers Murthers to go unpuniſhed) will in due time bring him to light, and that puniſhment which is moſt due to all that perpetuate ſuch Cruel and Bloody Villanies.

*Sera ſed certa vindicta dei.*

Though Heaven ſeems ſlow in ſuch offenders Dooms,
Its ſtroke is ſure, and dreadful when it comes.

FINIS.